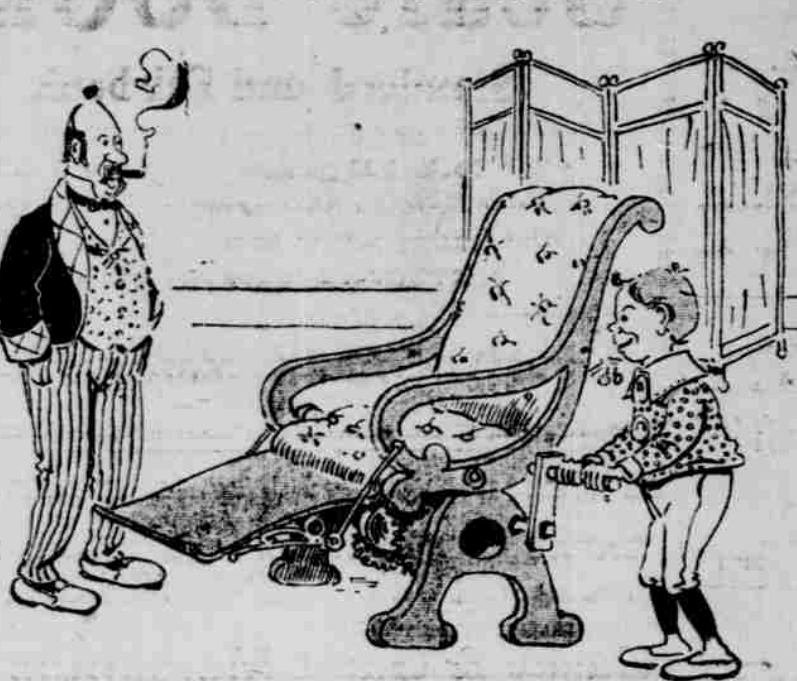
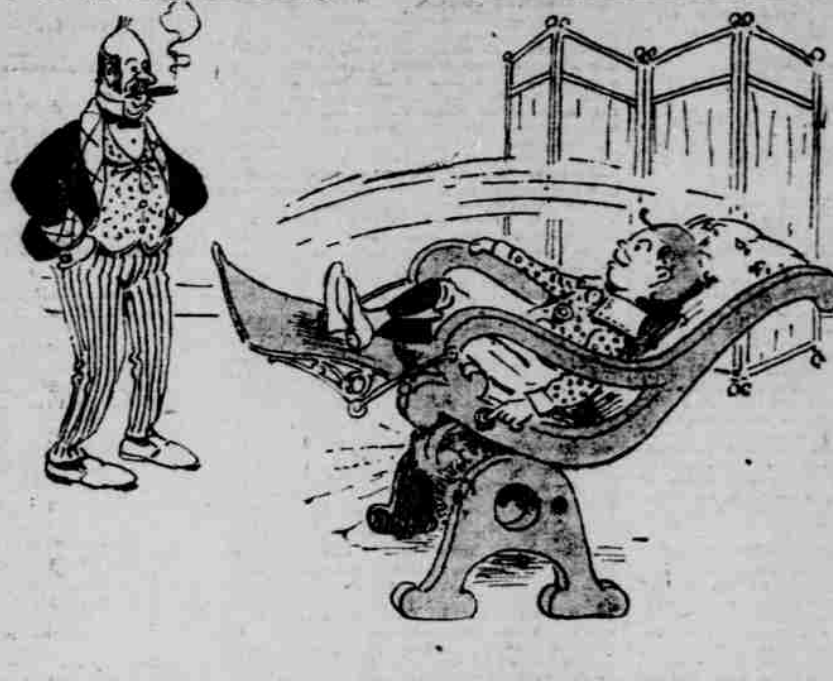


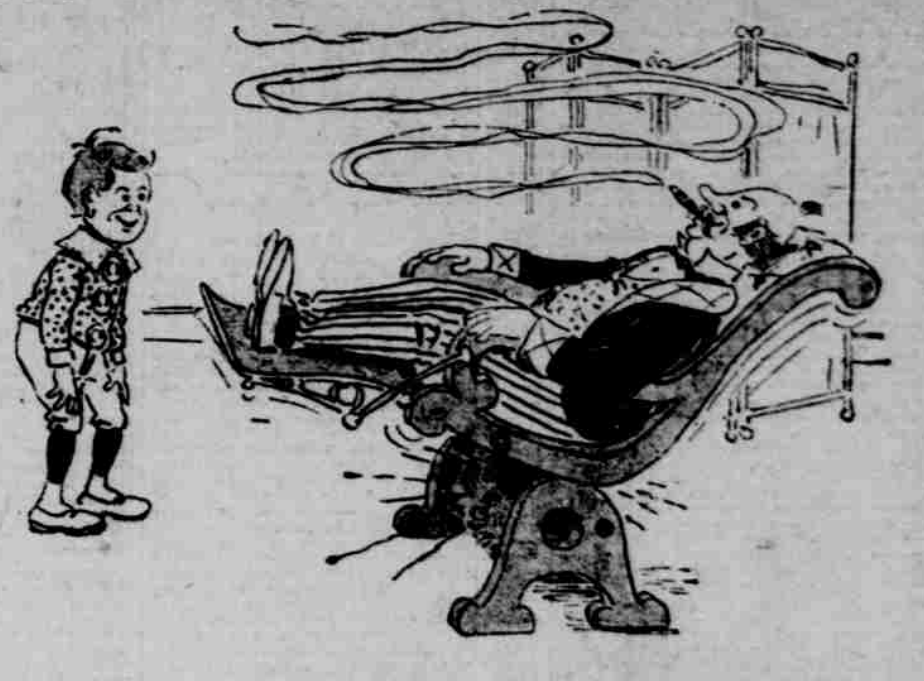
WILLIE INVENTS A RAZZLE DAZZLE ROCKER FOR PAPA



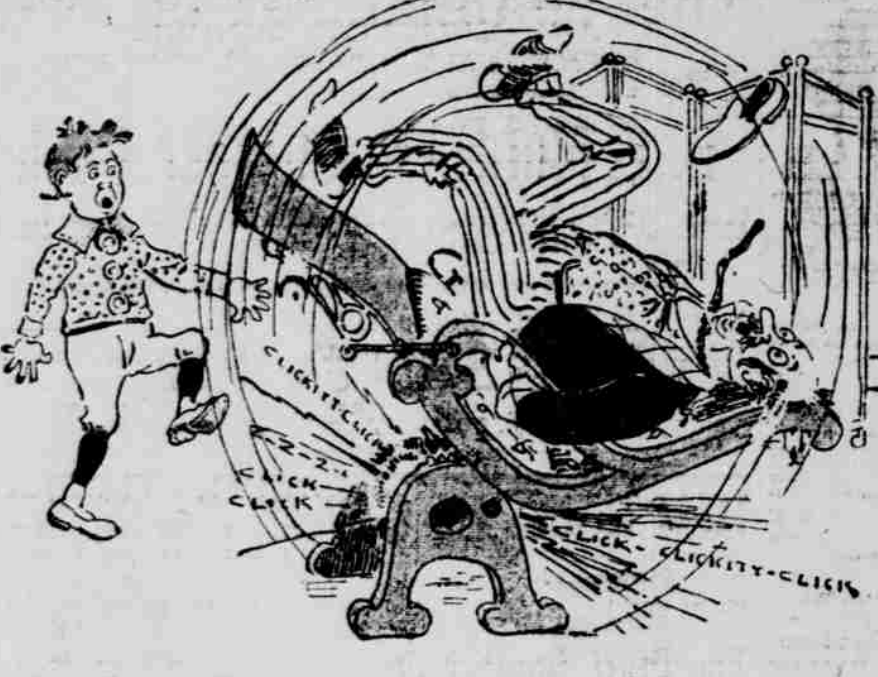
"Dear Tommy—I've been having more trouble with Papa."



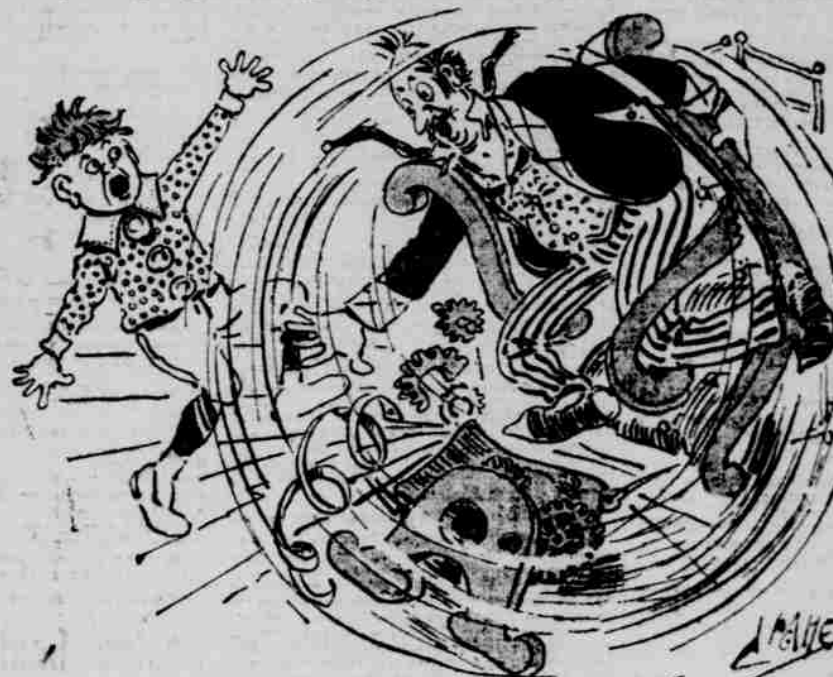
"I put a spring in his big easy chair, making it into an automatic rocker."



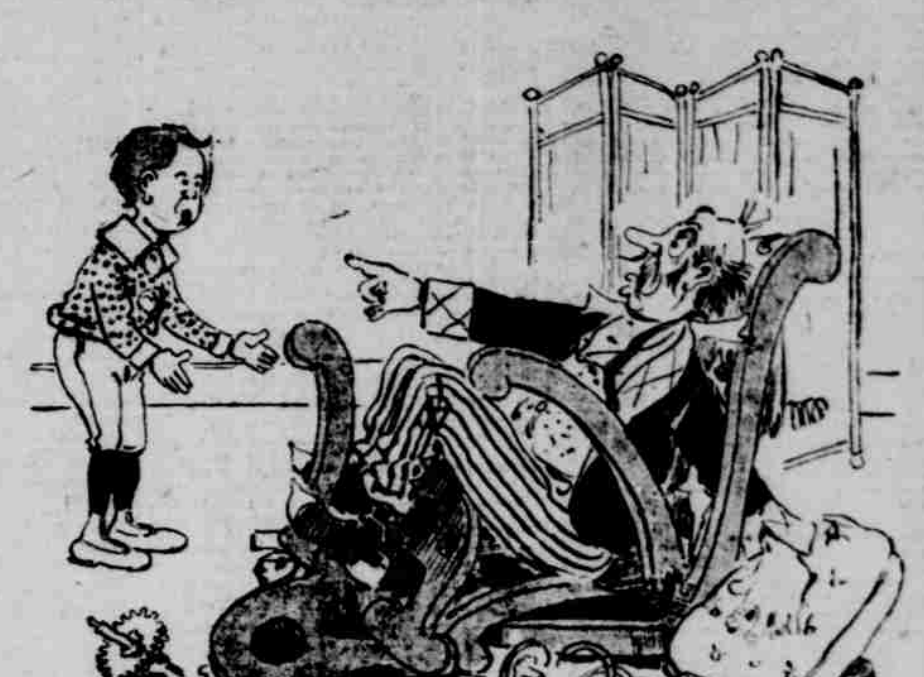
"Papa got in and started it going, and it worked beautifully."



"Only, one of the wheels fell out, and it commenced to do things to Papa."



"Say, Tommy, it was worse than a razzle dazzle."



"Now Papa threatens to send me to boarding school if I don't stop inventing things. Yours Willie."

Music and Drama

Coming Attractions for
Wichita Amusement Lovers.

At the Crawford.

All those who saw the sensational melodrama, "In a Woman's Power," at the Crawford last night, pronounced it one of the best melodramas seen here this season.

This play was a decided departure from the usual style of melodramas in the novel and most remarkable way in which it was mounted.

The first scene, which was of a reception room of a home in Washington, D. C., was exceptionally pretty, and the railroad scene was not only new and original, but was one of the best of this kind ever produced.

The story of the play dwelt on the vicissitudes of a young doctor of great ability, but a small practice, who, to gain fame, thought he must have riches, stoops to the life of a counterfeiter, becomes under the power of a woman adventurer who, for the love of him, ruins his life for a revenge for the wrong he has done her, was not only interesting but in many parts held the audience spell-bound. The change of the rich doctor to that of a counterfeiter was so quick you could hardly realize one man was playing the two parts.

The cast of the play was in no way neglected. Every actor in the company deserved much praise for the admirable way in which each part was performed. Unfortunately the audience was small, for this attraction deserved a much better patronage than it received.

Thursday night, Mr. Jolly of Jolly.

Edward Garvie, one of the best liked of the younger generation of comedians, has made a niche for himself in the Temple of Theatrics as a clever exponent of eccentric comedy characters. Easily the most prominent and best remembered of Mr. Garvie, unique characterizations in the "Versatile Vaudeville." Mr. Jolly of Jolly, in which he will be seen at the Crawford next Thursday, December 10, surrounded by Broadway and Currie's superb musical company of clever men and pretty women. "Mr. Jolly of Jolly" is a thoroughly up-to-date entertainment, made up of bright lines, funny situations, catchy musical numbers and specialties with a background of elaborate scenery and pretty costumes. The sale is large which indicates that the attraction will be well patronized.

MAHARA'S MINSTRELS.

The high-class minstrel organization, "Mahara's Operatic Minstrels," will be seen at the Crawford Friday, December 11, for one performance only. This aggregation needs no introduction to many of our theatre-goers, as it is known as the colored Minstrel company, having for the past ten years entertained amusement seekers in all parts of the United States and Cuba. A departure in minstrelsy is promised by Manager Mahara this season. The company will include among its talented members, ten girls, who will assist in the novel specialties provided by the company this season. The musical numbers offered are said to be extremely bright, many of them written for this company.

A grand free street parade is announced for 12 m.

Maria Drouah, who will play Portia and Queen Elizabeth in Merchant of Venice at the Matinee and Richard III at night with Mr. Charles B. Hanford at the Crawford on Saturday, December 12, made her debut on the stage as Jenny Northcott in Gilbert's "Sweethearts" soon after she joined Steele Mackaye's "Money Mad" company, playing the ingenue role of Curtha Graham. Later on she made a decided hit as Maria in "Twelfth Night," and then was seen in "The Man Without a Country" and "Olat." The latter play was produced and enjoyed a run at Nobis's Garden, New York. She was the Sarah Sykes in the all-star cast of "Rosalind."

During the Shakespearean festival held

at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, by Charles B. Hanford and Joseph Hanford in the fall of 1898, Miss Drouah played Juliet de Mortimer in "Rosalind," Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," Ophelia in "Hamlet," Desdemona in "Othello," and in these important roles was the subject of many favorable criticisms. She was two seasons with the late Thomas W. Keene and one with the James-Kidd-Hanford company. The past two seasons she has played the leading female roles with Mr. Hanford and secured the greatest success of her career in her delineations of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" and as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

What the Atlanta Constitution writes of Marie Wainwright and her company that appear at the Crawford Tuesday, December 15:

"Shakespeare's great comedy, 'Twelfth Night,' with Marie Wainwright as Viola, was the Thanksgiving offering at the Grand opera house yesterday afternoon and last night. Crowded houses greeted both performances and were well repaid with a production that was well staged and magnificently produced by a fine and evenly balanced cast of actors, whose work in their various roles was far above the average. Miss Wainwright, who is too well known to need praise, surpassed expectations and seemed to have changed but little in appearance since her last visit to this city.

"Miss Wainwright is one of the recognized Violas of the English speaking stage, and her work in last night's performance was masterful.

"Miss Meta Rogers, who appeared as Olivia, is not only a beautiful woman, but a highly magnetic actress as well. Miss Rogers is young, with a fine presence, finely modulated voice, and no doubt has a great stage career before her. Sir Toby Belch, essayed by J. K. Apichie, was a fine piece of character work and was replete with high comedy work.

"The character was life-like in every particular and showed old Sir Toby to be just what the immortal bard intended he should be—a good natured old drunkard. Mr. Francis Conlan as Malvolio was likewise good. Spittwoode Atkin in Sir Andrew Aguecheek gave a fine rendition of a difficult role, and in the drinking scene in the second act with Sir Toby and the fool afforded no room for improvement.

"The rest of the support was equally satisfactory, and nothing but words of the highest praise can be spoken of the performance as a whole."

At the Taylor.

JAMES M. MCINTYRE.

Incalculable is the number who have carried a little volume of Mr. McIntyre's poems and read them to their friends, the listeners' faces in smiles and in tears. The effect proves that the tender lines find their way to the heart of the young and the old. How grateful we are for the many beautiful touches of nature in his poems and especially for his bringing back with all their color upon them, the days when life was young, and we went to "The Old Swimmin' Hole." Many of the poet's lines have come home to hearts in lonely hours and quiet places. When his poems are read to other people there is always a happy response. Beyond the limits of his native state, beyond the sea the singer has charmed and blessed the public and in days to come his words will be read by the millions. The poet has been quoted from the pulpit and his poems have reached the hearers when the appeals of theology were powerless.

The Little Duchess company comes to the Auditorium on Wednesday night in that five act laughable comedy drama of the Little Duchess, made famous by Minnie Madden in days gone by. This company produces this play in an artistic manner, with the very best of specialties between the acts. A pleasing performance is guaranteed to all, while the price of admission is within the reach of all. Only one night.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

There has always been a suspicion of

pose about Elbert Hubbard. The man, up on no nearer acquaintance, dispels the suspicion. He believes in his work. He believes in humanity. He believes in himself.

The Joosse Hubbard is the most superficial. The true man is earnest, almost solemn. When he talks of certain things his face is that of one who sees celestial visions. The contrast between the boldness of some of his writings and his personal modesty is startling in the extreme. His abstraction is appalling when you remember his effusive writing. He talks with a quiet combination of "horse-sense" and the "moving of the spirit." His personality is hypnotic.

Practical as Hubbard is, there is much of the seer about him. He is strangely of the vulgar, and frustratingly transcendental, brutally frank and softly feminine.

I think Hubbard is going the way of Tolstoy, and the founders of new creeds. But his common sense is a good brake. He is not apt to go too far, though, of course one cannot say where these celestially entranced egotists may walk in pursuit of the truth they see ahead. To me there is no doubt at all that Elbert Hubbard is one of the men who are fully possessed of the thought that they are close to the Divine, that they have an insight into the things hidden from others that they are vessels filled with the essence of the God-head.

The man is a mystic philosopher, for all his gospel of work—a dreamer and a poet, yet practical.

He is teaching the value of intelligent effort. May he long continue to do so.—St. Louis "Mirror."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

LIABILITY OF A BOND.

An Extension of Time Did Not Operate to Relieve the Guarantor.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The supreme court of the United States today decided the case of the New York Fidelity and Guarantee company of Baltimore vs. The United States for the use of Golden (Colo.), Pressed and Fire Brick company. The case involved the liability of the guaranty company on a bond given to secure the performance of the contract of John A. McIntyre, contractor on the Denver mill building. The question at issue was whether an extension of sixty days' time to McIntyre for the payment of a share of his indebtedness operated to discharge the guaranty company from liability on McIntyre's bond. The court answered the question in the negative. Justice Brown in passing on the case, referred to the fact that in a case like the present one, the guarantor must be ignorant of the parties with whom he is dealing, and must be a bona fide contractor, and must be a contractor in good faith.

"If a person deliberately contracts for an uncertain liability he ought not to complain when that uncertainty becomes certain."

OVERRULED THE MOTION.

Leather Pouch Case Will Come to Trial at Once.

Baltimore, Dec. 7.—In the United States district court today, in the case of Columbian Elsworth, Upton and Thomas W. McDougall, et al. vs. the government, Judge Morris overruled the motion of the defense to dismiss the indictment, and set the case for trial at once. The case involves the liability of the guaranty company on a bond given to secure the performance of the contract of John A. McIntyre, contractor on the Denver mill building. The question at issue was whether an extension of sixty days' time to McIntyre for the payment of a share of his indebtedness operated to discharge the guaranty company from liability on McIntyre's bond. The court answered the question in the negative. Justice Brown in passing on the case, referred to the fact that in a case like the present one, the guarantor must be ignorant of the parties with whom he is dealing, and must be a bona fide contractor, and must be a contractor in good faith.

New York, Dec. 7.—James M. Edge, a former teller of the First National bank of Paterson, N. J., who disappeared August 5, 1902, and who was later accused of stealing \$100,000 from the bank, has been arrested at Memphis, Tenn.

The Forum

Opinions of the Readers of the
Eagle on Current Topics.

A CHRISTMAS SCHEME.

To the Editor of the Eagle:

Dear Sir: Did you ever lie abed night and exert your utmost effort to go to sleep? Have you noticed the thousand and one thoughts that force themselves on you in such a time in spite of your desire to think of absolutely nothing? I had to combat these conditions last night, and with your permission, I wish to afflict you and your readers with some of the thoughts that occurred to me.

For years, I have been more or less of a wanderer, and though, to considerable of an extent, calmed by contact with the world, yet I do not think that sentiment is entirely dead or dormant within me, nor within others of a similar nature. Consequently the proximity of Christmas awakens thoughts of home and memories of the youthful pleasures that were incidental to the holiday season. My mind reverted to the joy I experienced as a boy on Christmas time approached: the excitement of Christmas eve; how I revelled in delight over Santa Claus' remembrance on Christmas day and gorged myself with turkey and trimmings to the point of bursting.

I thought of the change that is made by the weight of years and how the appetite and enjoyment becomes satiated; how the enthusiasm leaves us as we grow older. Probably amongst the "grown-ups" there are as many who wish Christmas was eleven months hence as there are those who hail its early approach with pleasure. Many of us, thinking with regret of the presents we are ashamed out to make, many dreading the pinch and sacrifice, before and after, necessary to conform to the custom of giving. Others dreading the contrast that will exist, when they and their wives have so little and all surrounding them are scenes of joy and plenty, and it was only a step from these reminiscences to those regrets that we all feel at times, regrets that in the midst of the joys and pleasures of the holiday season, there are, aside from those bothered by selfish desires and comparisons, many who are in absolute want; many who are ill and friendless, longing for a word of cheer from some fellow being, many who are in trouble. Think of the number of children to whom the meager, cheapest toy would be more than the ownership of a railroad to Rockefeller, or a new trust to Pierpont Morgan.

From this point of view I brought the matter closer home. I narrowed down to Wichita. Out of the thirty odd thousands of inhabitants, there are many who are mentioned above. It is true there are a number of excellent charitable organizations here, but it is no reflection on them to say that they will only scratch the surface in their aims. No doubt there are some who contribute to these societies, and feel that they thus do all that they should be asked to do. Others, like myself, perhaps, worse still, contribute nothing to these organizations.

With due apology, therefore, for space, permit me to make a suggestion of inquiry which will, at least, have the virtue of some originality.

Will you run from now until Christmas a "Merry Christmas" department, say, for instance, edited by Santa Claus and all communications addressed to him, care of the "Eagle"? Will you invite contributions from all classes through this column of your paper? Request your readers, under the cover of confidence, to send in the names of any they may know that are in want, the names of persons who are sick, and of children whose parents may be too poor to expect a visit from Santa Claus. The names of those who are in trouble of any kind, even though by reason of their improvidence. There are any number of good people in Wichita, not only morally good, but "good fellows" of both sexes who would, no doubt, be willing to participate in your "Merry Christmas" department, even to the extent of visiting, on Christmas Day, those to whom such a visit would

be a boon. Keep the word "charity" out of the proposition entirely. Let those participating, either as contributors or recipients, feel that "charity" does not enter into it, simply good fellowship.

There are lots of men, like myself, for instance, who should be willing, and, I think would, be willing to make some little sacrifices, meantime, that might be of benefit to them. For instance, I will easily average seven cigars a day and (horror!) as many as one drink per day, which means, at least, 8.75 cents per day. There are practically seventeen days until Christmas, which would mean ten dollars. This I will be glad to contribute to the "Merry Christmas" department of your paper and mail you the same as soon as I learn through your columns that my suggestion is adopted. Some of us might simply look on this as a new way of keeping Lent.

I am sure that you can stir up some interest and that considerable real good can be done. The idea can be enlarged and improved upon, of course, and you can ask your readers for suggestions.

Excuse the length of my letter, in fact, excuse the letter itself if you think excuse necessary. In any event I am sincere, whether that feature will or will not prevent you hoping I am not further troubled with insomnia.

Yours very truly,

A READER.

Wichita, Kansas.

(The readers of the Eagle are at liberty to express themselves freely on this scheme as proposed by the writer of the above letter. The success of such a Christmas gift enterprise would depend on the action of every person in the town. Editor.)

FOR THE EAGLE.

A SON OF INDIANA.

"Truly, it is a great thing for a state to have an articulate voice, to produce men who will speak melodiously what the heart of it means."

In the galaxy of speakers and actors upon the world's stage Indiana can hardly occupy a secondary place, while before the public eye is the world famed author and statesman, John Hay.

The man who depicted the imaginary courage of Jim Blodde, represented the courage which alone stands the advance of the Russian bear.

Deserving also of mention are Edward Eggleston, Joseph Miller, novelists such as Maurice Thompson and Lew Wallace. Yet probably none have expressed her courage so truly as James Whitcomb Riley.

In this age, when society is almost a "strong solution of looks," when almost all the jewels of thought have been roughly worn, and there is but little hope of novelty in their resending, his highest praise might be that his poetry is unique.

A favorite among the children's lovers, a genial, humorous, relaxing entertainer for their elders, his advent is welcomed with enthusiastic anticipation.

As Holmes has expressed it, "Poetry is like measles, very contagious." Should there be danger of an epidemic, a light diet of poet's ink and stationery are recommended.

MRS. J. E. BISHOP.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of J. E. Bishop

BISHOP ENGLAND DEAD.

He Was Engaged in Labor in Chinese Field.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES

Rome, Dec. 7.—Senator Mancini, in a speech which he delivered at a dinner given him in Turin, said his new opera, "Vestigia," was finished.

Boston, Dec. 7.—The big British tramp steamer Knight Errant arrived here from Java, having on board 11,000 tons of Java sugar, said to be the largest cargo of sugar ever brought to any port in the world.

Belleville, Pa., Dec. 7.—Mrs. Catherine L. Curtin, widow of Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania's civil war governor, died suddenly today, aged 84 years.

Washington, Dec. 7.—Mr. Russell, the American charge at Caracas, cables the plate department that the port of Tucacas has been opened to foreign trade.

New York, Dec. 7.—On the petition of creditors a receiver has been appointed for the Out Goods Pressing company. It is claimed the company owes \$165,000.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The Panama canal treaty was sent to the senate today, but as there was no executive session after its receipt it was sent to the committee on foreign affairs.

New York, Dec. 7.—A receiver was appointed today for the estate of Edgar Lehman, a dealer in skins and furs at 151 Mercer street. The firm's assets are sworn to exceed \$300,000.

Boston, Dec. 7.—A receiver was appointed today for the Boston Auto-Kipress company. The concern has capital stock of \$250,000.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 7.—United States Ambassador McCormick has been officially notified of Russia's recognition of the republic of Panama. The signing of the decree was one of the first acts of the czar after his return here from Skirmish, on Saturday.

Chester, W. Va., Dec. 7.—The employees of the Chester Tin Plate mill of the American Tin Plate company have accepted the reduced scale offered by the company and the entire plant will start January 15.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 7.—Mrs. George Klingensmith, who last week shot her husband, was today formally charged with his murder and held to the grand jury under \$5,000 bonds.

Paris, Dec. 7.—Information received here through authoritative channels from Berlin represent the condition of Emperor William as being less satisfactory than officially admitted. It is said that the emperor himself is seriously apprehensive.

Paris, Dec. 7.—William J. Bryan was received by President Loubet today, the audience having been arranged by Ambassador Porter in compliance with Mr. Bryan's request. Mr. Bryan will leave Paris tomorrow for Switzerland.

TALE OF THE BOOK WORM.

(By Billy Burdette to N. Y. Herald.)

Once upon a time there was a man whose long suit was knowledge. His name was Wesley Kempton Kantell.

Kantell wore more characters on the end of his name than a railroad official. He had a perfect right to do it, for he was graduated from everything from grammar school to Heidelberg university, which is more than can be said of G. P. A. and T. M.

Kantell could read Sanskrit with one eye, Greek with the other, write Arabic and talk Latin to beat the pope all at the same time. He could translate the hieroglyphics on the stones of Egypt, explain why magnetic disturbances are indicative of the approach of the period of maximum sun spots, why one-half of a solid bit powder is always wrapped in blue paper and the other in white and why hens don't crow. He could classify a flower by its odor, a fish by its bile or a bird by its tail feather.

Kantell knew William Shakespeare by heart, Richard Harding Davis by sight and Mary MacLane by reputation. Fast as he knew everything except the current brand of women.

Kantell had everything except a wife, and when women got wise in that fact they hated their heads for him and made no bones of it. They organized debating contests, bibliographical parlor societies,

bugging and botanizing expeditions and a lot of other pastimes calculated to instill him into sleeping unbeknownst upon their fly paper.

Whenever one of the petticoated traps got a promise of a call from Kantell, she would shut herself up in the parlor and bury her face in the encyclopaedia until she had something deep down pat. Then she would put the call-boards back on the shelves and cook up a scheme to have the subject come up by accident so that Kantell would think she knew just as much about everything else. But when Kantell called something always happened to steer him away from what she had been looking up.

If she tried to lead up to botany by speaking of the color of a new chrysanthemum she would start Kantell emitting a stream of the primary colors as seen through the spectrum and how they are formed by rays of light or other radiant energy in which the parts are arranged according to their refrangibility or wave length, so that all of the same wave length fall together, while those of different wave lengths are separated from each other, forming a regular progressive series just as is seen in the rainbow.

Of course the poor little creature never for an instant imagined the speaking of a chrysanthemum would lead to such a horrid thing as a spectrum. And it just made her heart ache to think that after she had found out that a stipule is one of a pair of usually foliaceous appendages at the base of petiole of certain leaves she could not get a chance to tell him before she forgot it.

If she referred to Kipling's latest poem Kantell would shift to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, of which she had never heard. If she spoke of Rembrandt Kantell would drift into a discussion of the perspective plane as applied to the canvas. Every time she tried to deal a lead she would fumble the cards and hand out a misdeal.

Whenever a subject on which she was particularly strong came up something would happen to change it before she could shoot her bolt.

Such was the case with every dame who stalked the cards, so that she could not Kantell into thinking she was real intelligent and capable to preside over the aft end of his table.

Of course they knew it was very naughty and wicked to pretend to know a whole lot about the awfully profound things, but what else could they do to win a man who was certainly too brilliant to care for a girl who was the least bit frivolous?

Well, to get to the point, wherever Kantell went the housewives tried to win him out by displaying their breakfast food board of intellect, but there was nothing doing.

One day Kantell met a giddy little blue-eyed blonde, who could talk about nothing more abstract than cyanide, chlorine and Booth Terkington. Blonde was an affectionate little thing, and very becoming to a cooey cooer. When she got Kantell into the speak easy, where huns, gams, records, whistles and Indian blankets, she needed her early head upon his bosom, tilted her wandering eyes and said: "Dees on yer no little ducky."

Kantell must have, for he married her the next day.

Moral: You can't fool a gambler with loaded dice.

Prague, Dec. 7.—There is absolutely no foundation for the report that Princess Elizabeth of Wied-Neuwied, wife of Prince Otto of Wied-Neuwied and the grand-daughter of the emperor of Austria and of the king of the Belgians, shot an actress whom she is alleged to have found in the apartments of the prince.

Princess Otto is now absent on a hunting trip, and the announcement of Princess Elizabeth's imminent. The actress alleged to have been concerned in the episode was a coquette at the Czech burlesque theatre. She is the wife of a tailor, and has long been well-known as the result of injuries received while dancing in "The Belle of New York." It is said that the whole story originated in the jealousy of her theatrical colleagues.

Books are man's best friends; when they know him he can shut them up without giving offense.